

# INKLINGS AND IDLINGS

The Newsletter of the Carl Sandburg Historic Site Association

313 East Third Street • P.O. Box 585 • Galesburg, Illinois 61402 • (309) 342-2361 • www.sandburg.org

Fall, 2012

## FROM SITE SUPERINTENDENT MARTHA DOWNEY

How quickly the summer days have passed. In spite of the extreme heat visitors continued to arrive at the door of the Visitors' Center and enjoyed touring the Site. June through August 742 people visited the Site.

Two students from Knox College served internships this summer at the Site. Michelle Steffens and Adrienne Wagner spent time organizing the Site's collection of *Inklings and Idlings*, working with collection records, cleaning the cottage, and familiarizing themselves with Carl Sandburg. The required reading was *Always the Young Strangers*. Certainly we are appreciative to Knox College and especially Robin Metz and Terrie Saline, who helped set up this opportunity for students and the Site.

Knox also provided the Site with student workers on September 9. Five students plus their student orientation leader arrived that Sunday afternoon and helped with the clean out of the Visitors' Center basement. They also moved a heavy iron stove to a more appropriate storage area.

The feel of autumn is in the air and anticipation is building for the broadcast on PBS of the wonderful Paul Bonesteel film, *The Day Carl Sandburg Died*. This film will renew interest in Illinois' poet of the prairie just at harvest time. Harvest on the prairie is imagery that Sandburg used repeatedly. From his *Smoke and Steel* comes the following poem.

## HARVEST SUNSET

"Red gold of pools,  
Sunset furrows six o'clock,  
And the farmer done in the fields  
And the cows in the barns with bulging udders.

Take the cows and the farmer,  
Take the barns and bulging udders.  
Leave the red gold of pools  
And sunset furrows six o'clock.  
The farmer's wife is singing.  
The farmer's boy is whistling.  
I wash my hands in red gold of pools.

## FROM CSHSA PRESIDENT CHUCK BEDNAR

Creative ideas have been realized from our pursuit of dreams for furthering the Sandburg Birthplace Site this year. We seek your suggestions for promoting the Sandburg "cause."

Earlier this year a high-end flat screen television was purchased with Norm Winick memorial funds for the Site's Visitors' Center to show guests a program about Sandburg's literary career.

Stan Shover directed this year's very successful Penny Parade in January when over

\$2,000 was donated for Site projects and maintenance. Area school children were treated to a program of entertainment, refreshments, and tours of the museum and birthplace. Hats off to Stan, CSHSA volunteers, Martha Downey, and Bishop Hill staff in support of this splendid occasion.

Treasurer Rick Sayre is to be cited for his persistent and thorough work in renewing the State of Illinois and federal documents pertinent to our reorganization as a non-profit entity.

A spring highlight was the annual Carl Sandburg Festival for the Mind. A CSHSA committee organized numerous events at the Site, including presentations by preeminent Sandburg biographer Penelope Niven and Poetry Slam creator Marc Smith. Thanks to Martha Downey, Bert McElroy, and Tom Foley for their work on the Festival celebration.

In an ongoing project the CSHSA by-laws committee headed by Gary Wagle with Rick Sayre, Bert McElroy, Tom Foley, and myself is reviewing our current by-laws last updated in 1996. After the committee revises the by-laws, a draft will be submitted to the full CSHSA board for approval and then to the general membership for final approval.

With Martha Downey as host we greeted new Illinois Historic Preservation Agency Director Amy Martin during her visit to the Site in August. We discussed with her our supporting the IHPA in their challenging work of managing the Site.

Our Annual Meeting in August was highlighted by featured speaker Carolyn Wilson Miller who provided recollections of her great uncle and aunt, Charlie and Emma Krans. Charlie was Sandburg's cousin. Also at the Annual Meeting we recognized former CSHSA board members John Heasley who has arranged for our popular Songbag Concerts and fourteen year board member Christian Schock. Our new Mission Statement was approved.

Last fall the CSHSA arranged payment for repair of the west wing of the Visitors' Center roof. We have submitted a grant request to the Galesburg Community Foundation for painting the exterior of the Visitors' Center.

The Galesburg Public Art Commission

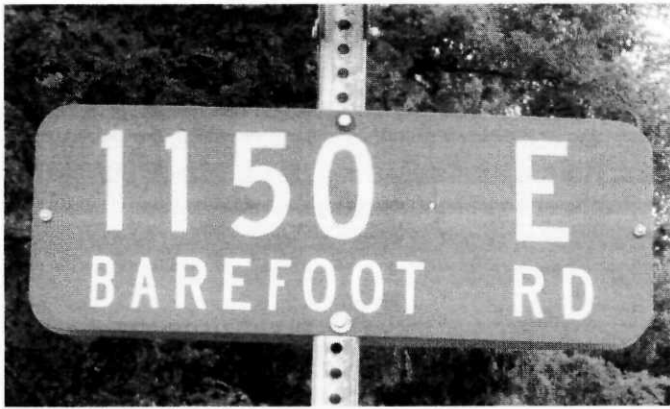
(GPAC) is working with noted sculptor Lonnie Stewart to create a nine-foot bronze statue of Sandburg with a Nubian Goat that will be placed in Central Park in downtown Galesburg. The memorial will feature Sandburg quotations, a listing of all his publications and honors, memorial state flags and the Swedish flag, and a new brick pedestrian promenade. GPAC includes CSHSA board members Stan Shover, Barry Swanson, Tede Verner, Bert McElroy, and myself.

Our thanks to you for your continued and loyal membership in the CSHSA. We pledge every effort to make your membership a memorable one with worthwhile benefits that justify your support of the Birthplace.

*(CSHSA member Rex Cherrington contributed the following two stories.)*

## **BAREFOOT**

Carl Sandburg's autobiography *Always the Young Strangers* makes mention of what he called "Barefoot Nation" and said this was later changed to simply "Barefoot". I had grown up hearing references to Barefoot when my dad or one of his brothers would say something about "up in Barefoot", the up referring to north, which would be up on a map. I would be told we were going through Barefoot when we drove to Westfall Cemetery to visit the family graves. No one in the family used the term "Barefoot Nation", just "Barefoot". The first time I read Carl Sandburg's engaging and wonderful autobiography and saw the mention of Barefoot Nation I asked my dad if he had ever heard of Barefoot Nation, and he was puzzled and asked me why I was asking him. I told him what I had read, and we talked it over and decided that Carl Sandburg was referring to the Barefoot, which we knew but had no idea why the word "Nation" was tacked on. Dad assured me that all the way back he had only heard this called Barefoot. I asked two of my uncles, and they had never heard of Barefoot Nation, and they had plenty of stories about Barefoot but were unaware of it being called a "nation". They laughed at the thought of it being a nation.



Barefoot Road Sign 4½ Miles Northeast of Knoxville

My great-great-grandfather Bruce Cherrington and his wife Rachel Haptonstall Cherrington, born in Ohio, came to Knox County in 1841 and settled on a bluff overlooking North Creek. We do not know if the area was called Barefoot when they settled among the earliest pioneer settlers of Barefoot. The family lived in and around Barefoot for many years. My grandfather, Newton Ira Cherrington, was the first of my ancestors to be born in Knox county, Illinois, his birth occurring in 1867 in a cabin on another bluff overlooking North Creek.

I asked my dad, who was born in Appleton just south of Barefoot in 1907, about the location of Barefoot and how it got its name. He explained it did not have exact boundaries, but we studied over a U.S. Geological Survey topographical map and arrived at the land in the watershed of North Creek would clearly be in Barefoot, and it could extend west to within a few miles of East Galesburg taking in some of the watershed of Middle Creek and east to land that would be in the western watershed of Sugar Creek. These three creeks are all tributaries to Court Creek, and water flows generally from north to south. These boundaries are loosely defined and not official but on a map that shows the townships of Knox County you would be looking at southwest Copley, northwest Persifer, northeast Knox, and southwest Sparta.

The naming of Barefoot seemed to be a reflection on the relatively thin topsoil and poor fertility of the soil in comparison to other Knox County soil types and the association of shoelessness with poverty. Dad laughingly reminisced about a Swede who lived in Barefoot

who spoke of his "rich yaller dirt". We speculated that Barefoot reminded our ancestors of southeastern Ohio from where they came.

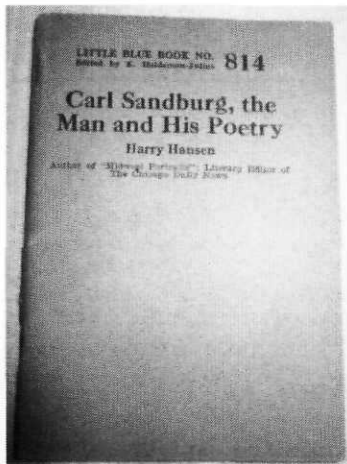
Historically, this land called Barefoot was covered with valuable timber that was needed for building construction and fuel and had creeks that provided water for humans and livestock. This land had practical value and was desirable to the pioneers, but as the timber was harvested or merely cut and burned to encourage the growth of pastures, hayfields, and crops, erosion took away much of the thin topsoil and left exposed clay in many areas. The reverse was true of the prairies, which at first were thought uninhabitable and unhealthy, but breaking the sod and adding field tile revealed some very fertile land that was not yet claimed.

You will recall that the settlers of Galesburg chose their site because of the availability of a very large, unsold tract of land. The prairie soil was clearly less desirable before 1837 or 1840 when the moldboards on the plows were at first fashioned of cast iron or wood. Harvey May of Galesburg, John Deere of Grand Detour, and others fashioned these moldboards of steel that would take a fine polish, and the thick prairie sod could be tilled. Field tile was still necessary to realize the further potential of the prairie for human habitation. The soils of Barefoot were generally well drained, and where tiling was needed, it was generally of shorter spans.

#### **HARRY HANSEN—CARL SANDBURG'S FRIEND, CO-WORKER, AND BIOGRAPHER**

The Carl Sandburg State Historic Site Association had the good fortune to receive a gift from Knox College through the thoughtfulness of Carley Robison, Knox College Archivist and Special Collections Librarian. The thoughtful gift consisted of three copies of a small biography entitled *Carl Sandburg, the Man and His Poetry* by Harry Hansen. These little books were published by the Haldeman-Julius Company of Girard, Kansas. The editor of the book was E. Haldeman-Julius. The Sandburg title, number 814, was one of many affordable ones in the Little Blue Book series. The book was published in the year 1925, and the number of pages is sixty-five; printed on newsprint with light blue paper wraps. E. Haldeman-Julius was a socialist who published these affordable, small

books on a wide array of literary and scientific topics that sold for very low prices such as five cents or ten cents.



Harry Hansen's Sandburg Biography

I had an awareness of the book previously, but had not focused my attention upon it. This gift prompted me to learn more about Haldeman-Julius and Harry Hansen. I had not been aware that Hansen was a friend and co-worker of Sandburg's. Hansen's choice for his topic was not randomly chosen. The printed lines below the author's name inform us that Hansen is literary editor at the Chicago Daily News and author of "Midwest Portraits".

Hansen stands apart from the other Carl Sandburg biographers providing us an account which benefits from his hours of personal observation. The book is notable for its obscurity and is appropriately humble in appearance as a book about the champion of the common man written by a man from similar roots. Hansen came from Davenport, Iowa.

Hansen's book is divided into brief chapters. One of particular interest compared and contrasted Sandburg with Walt Whitman. Others have made the comparison. Hansen's chapter concludes with the following observation, "Whitman is always ranting about truth, but the ultimate truth is a part of his preconceived plan for the universe; Sandburg's truth is seeing things plain, free from false glamour, insincere valuation; his intensity, his fearlessness in theme and his freedom in the use of words, is part of this honest attitude."

Harry Hansen worked for the Chicago *Daily*

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News when that newspaper employed Carl Sandburg in 1916. In later years Hansen remembered their meeting when Sandburg came into the room and said, "My name's Sandburg. What kind of Scandihoovian are you?" Hansen remembered three characteristics of Sandburg with which we are all familiar, his unruly shock of hair, his habit of leaning forward when engaged in conversation, and his explosive laughter at the end of a sentence.

Hansen recalled that Sandburg seemed to find excuses to be "noseying" around his office, since Hansen was the book editor and reviewing copies of the newest books came to him. It was understandably a temptation that Sandburg could not resist.

We are indebted to Carl Sandburg's biographer, North Callahan, for his interview with Harry Hansen in 1969. We quote from that interview, "The warmth that Carl had for people was something that you never forgot. He was from the beginning a newspaperman and he had the qualities of a newspaperman. He had awareness. A newspaperman somehow knows what is going on around him. He doesn't live in isolation. Carl had a keen sense of justice. He hated injustice and it runs all through his career, runs in his poems. Carl had a great sense of proportion. He enjoyed humor. He found all sorts of amusing things in clippings and his pockets were always full of clippings in those days at the *Chicago Daily News* and at any time, he would take one out and read it and expect you to chuckle just as much as he did."

Harry Hansen was born in Davenport, Iowa in 1884; Sandburg and Hansen shared proximity in age and geography, being born six years apart and growing up 60 miles apart. Hansen was educated at the University of Chicago and earned a Ph. D. in 1909. During World War I both Sandburg and Hansen became overseas war correspondents. During the New Deal, Hansen wrote state guidebooks, including the one for Illinois.

Harry Hansen was in Galesburg on October 7, 1946 for the dedication ceremony at the Carl Sandburg Birthplace. The date coincided with the anniversary of the Lincoln-Douglas Debate. Hansen traveled from New York for the occasion and was among the speakers. As George Swank pointed out, "Hansen, as did all the speakers, spoke with much affection and admiration." While we do not have the text of his speech, we can rely, once again, upon

North Callahan to provide words of praise and affection spoken by Harry Hansen, "Carl was a commoner. He never lost the common touch. In all the years I knew him, from his days as a reporter to the time when he was sought out by Presidents, Carl did not change his attitude toward people or his basic judgments about life. His humanity made him the champion of the underdog, but he argued for no specific political plan to remedy abuses. Yes he could always be found on the side of those for social betterment."

It was wonderful to receive these books that stimulated curiosity and prompted further study about these two interesting men and their relationship. This wonderful little book provides us with another view of the many faceted life of Carl Sandburg.

For further reading about Harry Hansen as he figures in the Carl Sandburg story, check out North Callahan's two books *Carl Sandburg, Lincoln of our Literature* and *Carl Sandburg, His Life and Works*. Interestingly, neither of these books mentions the little book Hansen wrote about Sandburg. It is, indeed, very obscure; an obscure little treasure that is much appreciated.

### ***The Day Carl Sandburg Died***

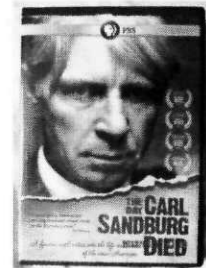
(CSHSA board member Tom Foley provided the following about the new Sandburg DVD ***The Day Carl Sandburg Died***)

The Carl Sandburg Historical Site Association has purchased some DVD's of Paul Bonesteel's wonderful new film about Carl Sandburg's life. They will be for sale at the Sandburg Birthplace Visitors' Center starting on Thursday, September 27 for \$24.99. The Site is at 331 East Third Street on the south side of Galesburg. It's open through the end of October, Thursdays - Sundays, from 9 AM till 5 PM. Please contact me if you would like to reserve a DVD, 309.351.3465.

According to PBS, "For much of the 20th century, Carl Sandburg (1/6/1878 – 7/22/1967) was synonymous with the American experience, a spokesman on behalf of "the people." One of the most successful writers in the English language, Sandburg was a three-time Pulitzer Prize-winner for his poetry (Cornhuskers, 1918 and *Complete*

*Poems*, 1950) and part of his six-volume Lincoln biography (*Abraham Lincoln: The War Years*, 1939). He was also a groundbreaking journalist, folk song collector, children's storyteller, political organizer/activist, novelist, autobiographer, and captivating performer. Yet, after his death, Sandburg's literary legacy faded and his poems, once taught in schools across America, were dismissed under the weight of massive critical attack. The new 90-minute documentary ***American Masters The Day Carl Sandburg Died***, premiering nationally Monday, September 24 at 10 p.m. (ET) on PBS (check local listings) to commemorate the 45th anniversary of his death, provides a dynamic examination of Sandburg's life, work and controversial legacy from a modern perspective.

"Filmmaker Paul Bonesteel exposes Sandburg's radical politics and anarchist writing during World War I as well as the current burgeoning resurgence of interest in him and his contributions. Drawing on archival footage and photographs, ***American Masters The Day Carl Sandburg Died*** features spoken word performances, songbook selections, readings, and original interviews. Sandburg's daughter Helga Sandburg Crile, his grandson John Carl Steichen, Pete Seeger, the late Studs Terkel and Norman Corwin, poets including Ted Kooser, Marc Kelly Smith and Yevgeny Yevtushenko, Grammy-winning musician Dan Zanes, Sandburg biographer Penelope Niven, Ph.D., and notable scholars share stories about Sandburg and reflect on the modern relevance of his vast body of work, including *Chicago Poems* (1916), *The American Songbag* (1927), and *The People, Yes* (1936).



### ***The Day Carl Sandburg Died***

"Self-proclaimed 'The Eternal Hobo,' Sandburg used his unique life as the basis for his radical free-verse poetry: from impoverished beginnings on the Illinois prairie to the halls of Congress to the *Ed Sullivan Show*. Entertaining audiences on stage, radio and television with his performances, Sandburg enjoyed the kind of fame,

performances, Sandburg enjoyed the kind of fame, fortune and recognition that is rarely, if ever afforded a poet. *The Day Carl Sandburg Died* finds Sandburg's life story and creative legacy as relevant and provocative as it was in 1916 when *Chicago Poems* changed American poetry.

"Sandburg was both a deeply patriotic American and an anarchist. Labor unrest, global wars, socialism, immigration, and race issues were all subjects that fueled him. Much of his writing is as relevant and provocative today as it was when it was first published and shocked the world," observes Bonesteel, whose films for public television include *The Great American Quilt Revival* (2005) and *The Mystery of George Masa* (2003)."

Tom Foley has made arrangements for *The Day Carl Sandburg Died* to be available for sale at the following Galesburg locations:

**Carl Sandburg College Bookstore**, Galesburg Campus, Building "B", 341-5259 Mon. - Thur. 8:30AM - 6PM, Fri. 8:30AM - 1PM, closed Sat. & Sun.

**Convention & Visitors Bureau**, 2163 E. Main St., 343-2485 Mon. - Fri. 8AM - 4:30PM, Sat. & Sun., 11AM - 3PM

**Galesburg Civic Art Center**, 114 E. Main St., 342-7415 Tues. - Fri. 10:30AM - 4:30PM, Sat. 10:30AM - 3PM, closed Sun. & Mon.

**Knox College Bookstore**, basement of Seymour Union, 341-7344 Mon. - Thur. 9AM - 5PM, Fri. 9AM - 4:15PM, Sat. - 11AM- 3PM, closed Sun.

**Stone Alley Books & Collectibles**, 53 S. Seminary St., 351-7344 Mon. -Sat. 10AM - 6PM closed Sun.

**Carl Sandburg State Historical Site**, Visitor's Center, 313 E. Third Street, 342-2361 Thur. - Sun. 9AM - 5PM, closed Mon. - Wed. (Editor's Note— There will be a \$5.00 shipping and handling charge for DVD's mailed from the C.S. State Historic Site.)

## **SANDBURG.ORG**

Go to [sandburg.org](http://sandburg.org) to learn what is going on with the Carl Sandburg Historic Site Association and what events, including Songbag Concerts, are coming up at the Site. Thank you to CSHSA Rick Sayre for maintaining this website.

(CSHSA Board Member Barbara Schock contributed the following story.)

## **PROFESSOR GEORGE H. BRIDGE**

The way you write may or may not reveal something about your personality. You may take pride in the way you write your signature. Another person might scribble the tall letters of their signature and leave out those of the lower case. In Colonial times many individuals "signed" their names with an "X." A witness wrote down the person's name on legal documents.

In the 1880's, when Carl Sandburg was a student in the Galesburg school system, he was taught penmanship by George H. Bridge. Mr. Bridge visited each sixth grade class to instruct the boys and girls in writing with a pen. Good handwriting was considered an important skill in the days before the wide use of typewriters.

Bridge was born May 27, 1857, in DeKalb County, Illinois. He was one of seven children born to George and Hannah (Read) Leggett Bridge. Both parents had been born in England. The family moved to Galesburg about 1864 when young George was seven years old. He graduated from the Western Business College in Galesburg. For a number of years he and a partner, M.H. Berringer, operated the Commercial College at Lawrence, Kansas. He returned to Galesburg and began teaching penmanship in the schools of the city.

In 1887 Bridge organized the manual training department at the high school. He was successful in this endeavor and trained many young men for their life's work as carpenters, metal workers and other skilled trades.

During his life in Galesburg Professor Bridge married Catherine Olin. They were the parents of three sons and three daughter. He was active in the First Baptist Church and city improvement organizations. At the time of his death on January 15, 1920 Mr. Bridge was the city forester. The funeral was conducted in the First Baptist Church and hundreds of the city's residents attended. Many former high school students came to pay tribute to the memory of their teacher.

The Reverend Walter L. Fowle, pastor of the church, described Professor Bridge as a man of abounding energy. "He threw himself into every task with a strength which seemed unlimited. . . . He entered into everything he undertook with an enthusiasm which knew no bounds. He was devoted to his work, looking upon it not only as a task but as an opportunity for service." Reverend Fowle went on to say that Bridge had purchased the equipment for

the first manual training classes with his own money. Through his vision the department had become one of the best in Illinois, and provided opportunity for many young men to learn skills they could use the rest of their lives.

Professor Bridge was buried in Linwood Cemetery.

*(The following story by Galesburg Public Library Archivist Patty Mosher is reprinted from the library's July, August 2012 newsletter Off The Shelf)*

### **BOY SCOUTS WALK THE CARL SANDBURG TRAIL**

Sunday, October 18, 1959 was the opening date of a new historic walking tour around Galesburg called the Prairie Council Carl Sandburg Trail Hike. Two years in the planning, it was approved by the National Council of Boy Scouts and Carl Sandburg himself. It was a 16-mile tour of significant places in the life of Galesburg's famous poet.

On that October day, 100 scouts and their leaders took the inaugural first steps on the trail that began at the scout campground on the south side of Lake Storey Park. From there they went to the site of Log City, then went south and turned onto West Fremont Road and over to Hope Cemetery, where Robert Todd Lincoln gave a speech for the dedication of the Civil War Memorial monument. From there they went to the Central Congregational Church, then over to the Mother Bickerdyke statue on the lawn of the Knox County Courthouse. From there they walked to the Sandburg birthplace cottage and on to the site of the former Lombard College, which Sandburg attended, then north to the home of George Washington Gale. They ended their tour at Lincoln Park.

The pilgrimage was said to be a colorful one, with a passing parade of Boy Scout flags flying that represented each troop or pack from the following towns: Galesburg, Monmouth, Kewanee, Bradford, Galva, Toulon, Wyoming, and Wethersfield, Illinois.

At the Sandburg birthplace, an Abraham Lincoln campaign button was presented to the Sandburg Cottage by Larry Miller of Pack 53 from Monmouth. The button had been the property of Larry's great-great grandmother and was handed down through the family for close to 100 years. A representative from the birthplace said that the pin was a prized addition to the collection and would be displayed in the Lincoln Room. In attendance at the presentation was Scout executive Lee Ostrander as

well as Lauren Goff, Fred Robertson and Charles Bednar from the Sandburg Historic Site. Also visiting the cottage that day were 150 other guests representing the Galesburg Rotary Club and the Alpha Iota Sorority.

The walking of the Sandburg Trail was to be an annual event. But from time to time qualified scouts from all over the United States were welcome to walk the trail. To qualify, scouts had to read and report on a book or poem by Sandburg. Once the report was presented and the trail was traversed, each scout would receive a bronze medal and an embroidered patch.

### **FROM THE PEOPLE, YES (1936)**

From what graveyards and sepulchers have they come, these given the public eye and ear who chatter idly of their personal success as though they flowered by themselves alone saying 'I,' 'I,' 'I,'  
crediting themselves with advances and gain, 'I did this, I did that,'  
and hither and thither, 'It was me, Me,'  
the people, yes, the people, being omitted or being mentioned as incidental or failing completely of honorable mention, as though what each did was by him alone and there is a realm of personal achievement wherein he was the boss, the big boy, and it wasn't luck nor the breaks nor a convenient public but it was him, 'I,' 'Me,'  
and the idea and the inference is the pay and the praise should be his--  
from what graveyards have they strolled and do they realize their sepulchral manners and what are the farther backgrounds?

The people is a monolith,  
a mover, a dirt farmer,  
a desperate hoper.

The prize liar comes saying, 'I know how, listen to me and I'll bring you through.'

The guesser comes saying, 'The way is long and hard and maybe what I offer will work out.'

The people choose and the peoples choice more often than not is one more washout.

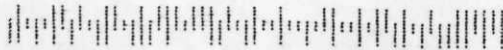
Yet the strong man, the priceless one who wants nothing for himself and has his roots among his people,

Comes often enough for the people to know him and to win through into gains beyond later losing,  
Comes often enough so the people can look back

and say, 'We have come far and will go farther yet.'  
The people is a trunk of patience, a monolith.

In the daily labor of the people  
by and through which life goes on  
the people must laugh or go down.  
The slippery rods, icy tools, stalled engines,  
snowdrifts, hot boxes, cold motors, wet matches,  
mixed signals, time schedules, washouts,  
The punch-clock, the changes from decent foremen to  
snarling straw-bosses, the sweltering July sun, the  
endless pounding of a blizzard, the sore muscles, the  
sudden backaches and the holding on for all the  
backache,  
The quick thinking in wrecks and breakdowns, the  
fingers and thumbs clipped off by machines, the  
machines that behave no better no worse no matter  
what you call them, the coaxing of a machine and  
fooling with it till all of a sudden she starts and you're  
not sure why,  
The downturn from butter to oleo to lard to sorghum,  
the gas meter on the blink, the phone taken out, the  
bills and again bills, for each ten dollars due ten cents  
to pay with or nothing to pay with only debts and  
debts,

The grades and lines of workmen, how one takes care  
and puts the job thorough with the least number of  
motions and another is careless and never sure what  
he is doing and another is careful and means well but  
the gang knows he belongs somewhere else and  
another is a slouch for work but they are glad to have  
him for his jokes and clowning.  
The people laugh, yes, the people laugh.  
They have to in order to live and survive under lying  
politicians, lying labor skates, lying racketeers of  
business, lying newspapers, lying ads.  
For a long time the people may laugh, until a day when  
the laughter changes key and tone and has something  
it didn't have.  
Then there is a scurrying and a noise of discussion  
and an asking of the question what is it the people  
want.  
Then there is the pretense of giving the people what  
they want, with jokers, trick clauses, delays and  
continuances, with lawyers and fixers, playboys and  
ventriloquists, bigtime promises.  
Time goes by and the gains are small for the years go  
slow, the people go slow, yet the gains can be counted  
and the laughter of the people foretoking revolt  
carries fear to those who wonder how far it will go and  
where to block it.



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